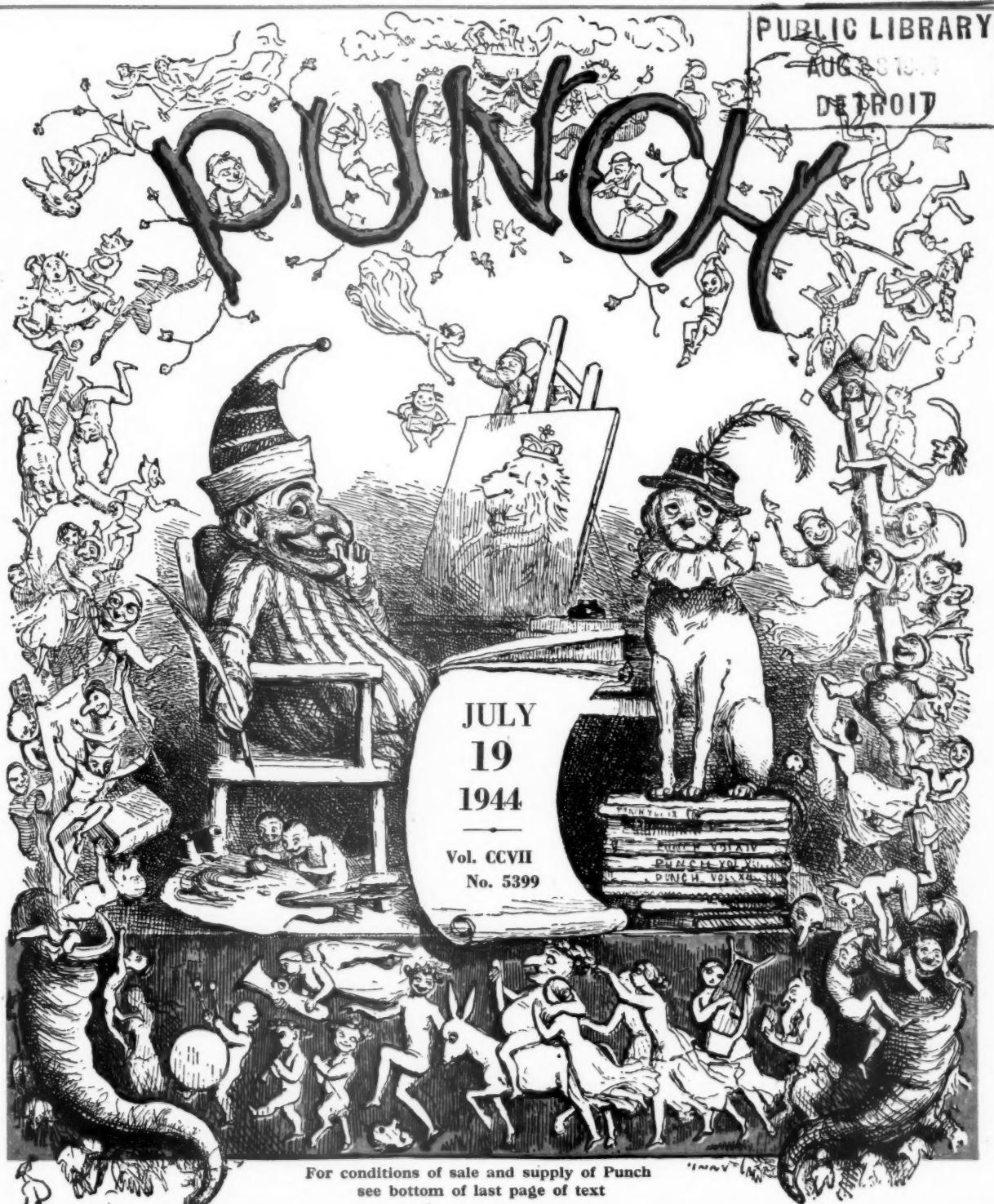


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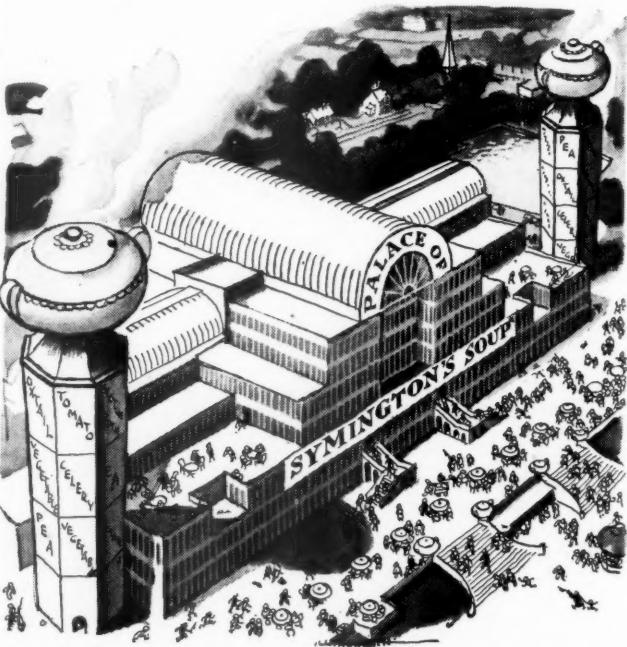
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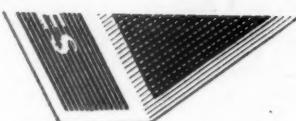
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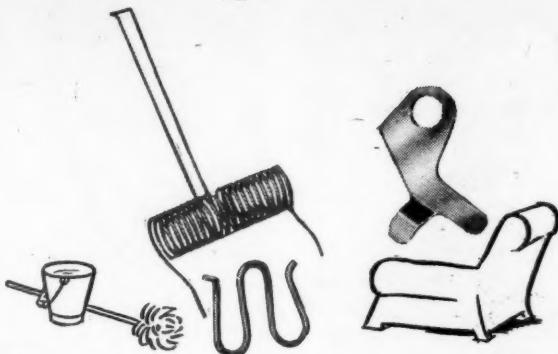
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PUNCHY

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVII No. 5399

July 19 1944

Charivaria

WITH the Russians almost at the door of East Prussia several more German generals will soon be on the mat.

War hasn't made bookmakers more generous, says a sports writer. That's funny. We heard of one offering record odds on the war's lasting till the next one starts.



"Camp Bed, Trouser Press and Powder Compact and Cigarette Case combined; what offers?"
Advt. in Worcester paper.

No. Too unsettling.

A speaker recently gave a radio talk on "Insomnia." Many listeners report it was very effective.

We read of a man who has vowed to let his hair grow until the Allies have achieved victory. We feel like that every time we go to the barber's, but what's the use?

Recent office statistics show that pencils tend to become lost when half worn. Psychologists retort that this is proof positive of the frivolous tendencies of statisticians.

An anti-gossip society has been founded by the rector of an Essex village. Other subjects being exhausted?

Erroneous reports of his death have caused Gigli, the famous tenor, to issue a sharp note.

The new sausages contain so much meat that they are now banned from the breakfast-tables of conscientious vegetarians.

Cricket fixtures are unchanged by flying bombs, says a sports writer. The googly ball is much more dangerous, especially when it stops purring.

A man was recently found guilty of forging railway tickets. Present-day travellers are amazed that he should have thought it worth while.

A London man digging in his garden found a Charles II silver coin. But it won't buy many oranges now.

We print with reserve the report of a correspondent who claims he saw a crew of gremlins bale out of a doodle-bug.



"If you want cream for strawberries-and-cream it is easy to use the top of the milk," says a writer. But it's more difficult if you want strawberries for strawberries-and-cream.

A journalist says that Hitler has seen the writing on the wall. Up to now he has ignored it because he thought it was written by Dr. Goebbels.



"More than half of the total population of Stoney Mountain, a village of people, have enlisted in one or other of the three Services, reports Reuter from Winnipeg."—*Evening Paper*.

It helps results, having people.

We understand that Marshal Goering is now much thinner; so much so that he can now pass through the revolving door of his hotel without having it turned off at the meter.

Grand Strategy

HOW short a while ago it seems
Since German propaganda said
That all the nations and their dreams
Must bow before the Nordic-bred,
And if the nations found it hurt
They did not matter. They were dirt.

This was the high ambition then
(Or so we gathered from their Press)
That sent some fifteen million men
To put Creation in a mess:
And all the peoples had to die
To make the world a Teuton sty.

But now we note a certain change,
A softening of the martial tone,
The High Command did not arrange
To make the Universe its own;
Their object was, we understand,
Merely to save the Fatherland.

For this it was the troopers stormed
And fouled the earth and stunned the air,
The papers had been misinformed
About the scope of the affair,
The Fuehrer went to this expense
To organize his self-defence.

There must have lurked a sort of doubt
Of why he earned his keep and swill
Within the mind of many a lout
Who raised his boots at Hitler's will,
They could not know they burnt and sacked
To keep their native soil intact.

But those who guard the Eastern gaps
And hold the Southern doors to-day
Can praise the Leader's art—perhaps—
In keeping enemies at bay:
And those who stand upon the Rhine
Will comprehend his deep design.

EVOE.

• •

H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

THE next Fragment issued from a tragedy, and a mad bat is what this tragedy was. It had roosted quietly for some time on the tank, but, one winter, frost ripped our plumbing and washed the bat downstairs to where we were having a mock auction as practice for the children. Junissimus promptly sold it to a policeman we had got in to watch the exhibits, and he, having no paper bag, popped it in a pocket where it became demented owing to getting inside his handcuffs and firing them. Being a kind-hearted man he tried to soothe it by singing and showing it his truncheon, but it remained inconsolable until I worked my typewriter, which had a bell and lulled it good and hard. Not wishing to type the alphabet, which has, I consider, been overdone, I typed drama, for which see the following.

THROUGH LIGHTEST NORWAY BY BIKE AND YAK

(*The scene is 47a Walpurgis Terrace, Penge.*)

MR. PRIME. You still have to account for thirty-seven shillings, Pettikins.

MRS. PRIME. Sundries.

MR. PRIME. I want exact figures to the nearest halfpenny, Mousey-Pie. Will my Tiger Rose have to be surcharged on her next dress allowance?

MRS. PRIME. I remember it now, vividly; the curate drowned six kittens for me and I gave him half-a-crown towards the Mothers' Union Gala Breakfast.

MR. PRIME. Rather high remuneration, was it not, for one who cannot claim to be an expert? My Chirpy Cricket has then thirty-four and sixpence still outstanding.

FUCHSIA PRIME. Daddy, I want a wider, fuller life. I am eighteen: why do you make me stay in the kindergarten?

MR. PRIME. Because the fees are lower.

MRS. PRIME. Perhaps I insured something last week; I can't remember the details. Shall we call it a pound?

MR. PRIME. By no means, Ma Reine Volupteuse.

FUCHSIA PRIME. I want to be an artist.

MR. PRIME. What kind?

FUCHSIA PRIME. Poker-work.

Enter NANNY, the COUNTESS FITCH

NANNY. You can put your shirt on Punter's Pie. Where the hell is Crockford? It's your turn to get the bathroom key from the bank.

MRS. PRIME. Oh, Nanny, dear, I've spent some money and I can't remember just how. Can you help me? It's thirty-four and sixpence.

NANNY. Sixty-eight bits of fish at a tanner each and a tanner for carriage—easy.

FUCHSIA PRIME. When will you let me read the rest of *David Copperfield*?

Enter a FEMALE FRIEND

FEMALE FRIEND. I have just popped in with some radishes for the Alsatian. Don't disturb yourselves one teeny jot.

NANNY. Wrong house; it's a peke; we shan't.

FEMALE FRIEND. Dearie me, I have bloomered, have I not? It will have to be just a social call then. Do you know "The Waste Land"? So meaty and thoughtful, I always think.

MR. PRIME. You take our good wishes with you.

MRS. PRIME. I know, twelve gross of hairpins. I got ever such a big reduction for taking a quantity. I saved, let me see, just how much was it?

MR. PRIME. The point at issue is—just how much did you spend, Little Fragrance Mine?

MRS. PRIME. Twenty-nine shillings.

MR. PRIME. Kindly see that you get full value from your purchase. What is the greatest number you can wear at once?

NANNY. Don't think of trying, lassie. He's only thinking of the lightning.

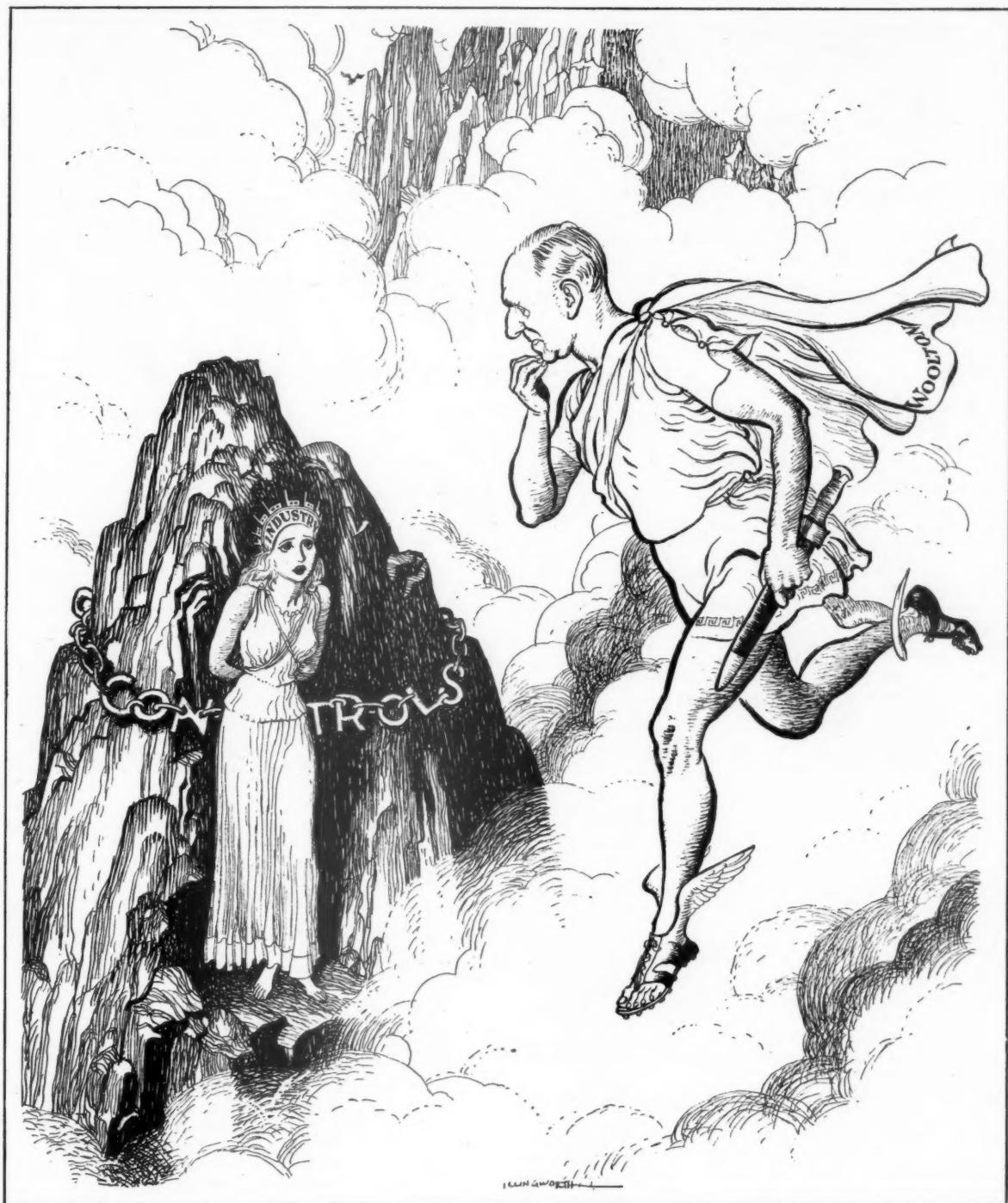
FUCHSIA PRIME. Can't you see I don't want just to follow in your rut; you're all so stuffy and Edwardian. I claim my freedom. Daddy, I've joined the Conservative Party.

MR. PRIME. I never thought that I should live to see the day . . .

NANNY. Let the girl sow her wild oats. We're only young once.

FEMALE FRIEND. True—bitter, banal, but true.

MRS. PRIME. Laundering bath mats, five shillings. They



A POST-WAR PERSEUS

"My idea is to hover around and unfasten your chains gradually from time to time whenever an opportunity occurs."



Sillince

"Situation's still ruddy fluid, Bert."

said all their Class A customers have them starched, though it's rather expensive and it makes them so slippery.

Enter the gardener, MUTABILITY BROWN

BROWN. Have you never heard, lady of the house, that planting begonias as you did so lightly and frivolously desire, leads ineluctably to violence and disaster. Spurn not the ancient wisdom of the local peasant, who, from the gnarled convolutions of his darkened mind, yet draws—

MRS. PRIME. All right, no begonias, then. What do you suggest?

BROWN. There is a certain lowly plant, subject of nature's bounty, yclept the dandelion, which to debar from fruitfulness would be impiety made manifest and loathsome.

MRS. PRIME. All right, Brown, no weeding, then.

BROWN. Ta.

NANNY. Can anyone tell me if the Queensberry Rules allow tickling? It's one of the questions I've got to answer in my Sports Column next Sunday.

FINIS

Self-Inspection

"ARE you a credit to our Battery?"
A So spake the mirror on the Guard-Room wall.
She did a little pirouette to see
That both her stocking-seams were vertical,
Then stood to strict attention, straight-limbed, tall.
Her brass was lustrous. With a lyric air
She wore a side cap half a size too small
On close-cocooned but somehow-saucy hair.
"Are you a credit . . . ?" She took no offence
At this gratuitous impertinence,
But eyed the four red chevrons on her sleeve
With proud content; and then, brown eyes alight,
Dismissed herself by turning to the right,
And smiled, and so went out on local leave.

○ ○

Impending Apology

"Nearly a million rats were destroyed in London sewers during the recent campaign. For two months 1,150 men took part, using materials supplied by the Ministry of Food."—*Daily paper*.

Lady Addle's Domestic Front

Bengers, Herts, 1944

MY DEAR, DEAR READERS,—Alas, with what high hopes I wrote of my preparations for entertaining my dear Margaret and her Polish officer friend, and my beautiful sister Mipsie. And now when I think how all my plans have come to naught, partly through my fault, or anyway my misfortune, I am tempted to say "Bother!" very loudly indeed.

They all arrived punctually, Mipsie and Margaret looking delightful as usual, and M. Radowczki really charming, very handsome, with perfect manners. My spirits rose as we assembled for sherry, and of course it was a great asset having Addle there too, as he has an old-world courtesy that wins everyone, besides being a splendid conversationalist. "You from Poland?" I heard him ask Margaret's friend, who replied that he was, and I felt the party was starting off well.

Then came dinner, and at once I realized my grave mistake, which was that oyster soup always brings Margaret out very red and blotchy. I blamed myself bitterly for not starting with Bortch, the deep crimson of which might have made her look pale by comparison.

However, there was nothing to be done except to pray that M. Radowczki would not notice. Mipsie tactfully proposed showing him the lake after dinner, for which I was most grateful. I suggested an early bed for Margaret, hoping for great things on the morrow.

But more disasters were to come. One of Margaret's oysters was bad, and the poor child was decidedly ill during the night. She declared that she felt quite recovered by the morning, but Mipsie, who has always been such a devoted aunt, came into her bedroom while I was taking her temperature and said she thought Margaret looked very white and should stay in bed till she had got back her colour somewhat.

So I kept her in bed for breakfast, and was delighted to hear the Polish officer expressing solicitude for her misfortune. But when she descended at about eleven, what was my annoyance to discover M. Radowczki and Mipsie apparently vanished off the face of the earth! Margaret spent the morning helping her father with his press-cutting book, and just before lunch the wanderers returned. They had got lost in the maze!

"Mipsie, darling," I chided laughingly, "you always say you know that maze backwards."

"I do, Blanche," she replied, "but you see I wasn't walking backwards to-day." As usual, her brilliant wit won the day, and we all roared.

After lunch, however, I drew her aside and confided my hopes for Margaret, if only we could show her in an attractive light for love's young dream. Mipsie thought for a moment then suddenly said: "I know, Blanche. The swimming pool! Margaret is an excellent swimmer, and so is he, I gather. I will propose a bathe after tea, and he shall see her at her best."

I wasn't altogether happy about the plan, fearing, somehow, that a bathing dress didn't make the happiest use of dear Margaret's figure. But I acquiesced, knowing how clever Mipsie always is in worldly matters.

Tea—with real lemon essence in honour of our Polish guest, who I felt sure would drink it the Russian way—was very gay, and afterwards they went up to change. I went to help Margaret arrange her wrap in the wisest manner, and made her promise not to throw it off till just before she dived in. When we reached the swimming pool, however, there were Mipsie and M. Radowczki already dressed for bathing, and to my consternation the young man greeted us with: "I am to have the honour of teaching Madame the Duchess to swim."

I was greatly surprised, as I thought Mipsie could swim but didn't care for bathing. But perhaps, I decided, she

felt she could help our little scheme better in the water than on *terra cotta*. However, after some twenty minutes of tuition, I felt I must take a firm line, so proposed a swimming race between the two young people. This was a great success, and the merry laughter that rang out did one good to hear. Then, suddenly, we were startled by a cry from Mipsie, who was out of her depth, struggling in the water.

"Help!" she gasped. "Cramp!"

In ten seconds M. Radowczki was beside her, steering her gently to safety. She nearly fainted when she reached the bank, then managed a brave little smile.

"So silly of me," she said. "I should have told you, Blanche. Lemon essence always gives me cramp."

My remorse at the words may easily be imagined! First the oysters, and now the lemon essence. It seemed like malicious fate. Somehow we, or rather Margaret's friend, got poor Mipsie back to the house and to her room. Gallantly, she insisted on coming down to dine though, and lay on a sofa in the long drawing-room, in a lovely jade green wrap, while M. Radowczki took her, at her request, each course on a tray.

"I don't want to be a trouble to the servants," she said, with her usual consideration, as she sipped the Veuve Clicquot which Addle had opened specially for her.

Next morning she left in a hired car, giving M. Radowczki a lift. I urged her to stay, but she was adamant.

"I can't neglect my work," she said staunchly. (Mipsie has some very trusted secret job, I don't know what, except that I fancy it has something to do with luxury restaurants.)

Margaret hitch-hiked back to duty, and I was left to my own sad thoughts, which I communicated to Mipsie when she returned from town.

"Don't worry, darling Blanche," she said consolingly, "he wouldn't do for Margaret. I lunched with him, and my dear, his family is beggared!"

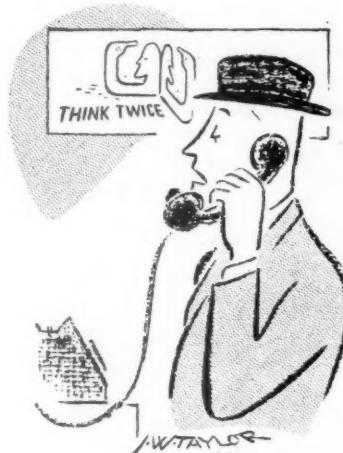
"But if he's nice, Mipsie," I argued, "money isn't everything, and he seemed such a good young man."

Mipsie shrugged her shoulders.

"Good for one lunch," she murmured bitterly.

I said no more. Evidently my dear sister had found M. Radowczki in some way lacking in stability of character, and thought him unworthy of Margaret.

So perhaps everything is for the best after all. M. D.



"As a matter of fact I thought at first I WOULDN'T ring you."

At the Pictures

WORDS AND MUSIC

THE big scene in *The Eve of St. Mark* (Director: JOHN M. STAHL) is an obvious play scene; and perhaps that sums up the chief weakness and the chief strength of the piece as a film. Weakness, because a scene (this is not the only one) with recognizable stage limitations, with everyone facing more or less the same way and tending to speak in turn, always does seem wrong and out of key in a film; strength, because what they have to say is often much more worth listening to, merely as words strung together, than words in films usually are. This makes it all the easier to recognize the badly-fitting insertions that have been made in the Maxwell Anderson play—for example, the telepathy sequence, which gives an impression of falseness because it is embedded in scenes of naturalistic dialogue and action. The ending too is unsatisfactory, though how close that is to the play's ending I don't know. The times, and the difference both in size and understanding between the film public and the play public, are perhaps responsible for the fact that the film ends with the (in this instance) aesthetically dubious but humanly forgivable moral that the brave do not necessarily have to die for their devotion to duty.

The story is of one soldier in particular, of his farm home, his parents and his girl, his experiences in camp before Pearl Harbour and on a Pacific island outpost afterwards. It is admirably played by all concerned; the dialogue often has a stimulating freshness, and some of the lighter scenes among the soldiers are not only amusing but also have an air of unusual style and—pardon this highbrow use of the word—rhythm.

Another of those huge star-studded musicals, which gives the impression of having been designed for Technicolor, even to the inclusion of a fashion show in a dream (which is lost without it), is *Two Girls and a Sailor* (Director:

get enough to do, to keep it going for over two hours.

But of course what there is of the story has been saturated with emotionalism, in every possible place, in an effort to make up for its structural

inadequacy; and the emotionalism is of the "show - business" kind, which always strikes me as even more steamy and uncomfortable than any other. A welcome and unexpectedly astringent note is introduced by JIMMY DURANTE in some of his scenes; he burlesques his poor - old - forgotten - actor monologue at the piano so that the sentimentalists in the audience are caught off their guard; and there is no reason why you shouldn't ignore the story and take pleasure in the successive "turns." Among the best are GRACIE ALLEN's one-finger piano concerto, and—if you have any taste for light music—the first-rate playing of the HARRY JAMES and XAVIER CUGAT bands.



[*The Eve of St. Mark*]

POETRY AT THE PARTY

Pte. Quizz West	WILLIAM EYTHE
Pte. Francis Marion	VINCENT PRICE
Lil	JOAN DOLAN
Sal	TONI FAVOR

RICHARD THORPE). It is, in fact, rather too huge: it hasn't enough story, and its miscellaneous stars don't



[*Two Girls and a Sailor*]

CONCERTO NUMBER

GRACIE ALLEN
ALBERT COATES

Only from a sense of duty did I go to see the Soviet documentary about the Kharkov trial, *Justice is Coming*; for as others have said, this is not, by any standard, entertainment. It makes one think of a meal of ashes—ashes in which from time to time one bites on a red-hot coal.... You ought, perhaps, to try the experience, to remind yourself of the sort of thing the Germans have been doing in Russia. The vocabulary of aesthetic criticism is out of place in discussing a picture like this; to have made this dry, cold record of abominable fact with any regard for art would perhaps have been wrong; but I could wish that the rather wearisomely rhetorical English commentary and translation had not been entrusted to a speaker unskilled at managing inflections, who says "German Fascist missegrants" (twice), "heinousness," and once—though no doubt this was a slip of the tongue—"opportunity." R. M.



"Yes, this is where we came in, I think."

Horse-racing

YES, Persimmon. That's a good many years ago. The Prince of Wales's horse."

"Minoru, wasn't it? These mirrors facing each other give a strange effect. There's you and me reflected again and again, scores of times, going on for ever and ever."

"Very odd, old boy. I suppose the Derby will go on for ever and ever. I think Minoru was when he became king."

"Perhaps you're right. I can count sixteen of you, each one raising a glass to his lips at the same moment."

"Extraordinary. The Agha Khan, too, did well. And there was another fellow from India. The magic of the East, what?"

"Yes, there's something mysterious

about mirrors. Our reflections gradually disappear behind more and more thin veils. Dimmer and dimmer."

"You know, old boy, my memory isn't what it was. What was the name of that horse? It was a bay. Or was it a roan? Curious, they never talk about a dun. They call it a grey-roan."

"Queer word 'dun.' Ever read that book by a man named Dunne? T. E., I think he was. About time."

"Never heard of him. Blenheim, that was it. In the thirties or the late twenties. Winston's never done any racing. Lays bricks for a pastime. Not now, of course."

"And paints pictures. That fellow Dunne speaks about a painter painting a picture of himself painting—"

"Steady, old boy. Then there was Tom Walls's First of April. Silly name. Trained it himself. All Fools' Day! You wouldn't think that would be a

lucky name. Wasn't that owner Curzon connected with the stage?"

"No idea. I knew a playwright once who went bats. His mother-in-law had been staying with them for years, and he thought he'd write a play about it."

"No, I'm wrong. Fifth of April, not the First, Tom Walls's winner."

"Oh, yes. Well this playwright fellow had the idea that he might clear his mother-in-law out of his house by means of this play of his. He called it *The Limpet* and it was about a playwright who tried to clear his mother-in-law out of his house by writing a play called *The Limpet* about a playwright who wanted to clear his mother-in-law out of his house by writing—"

"I say, old boy, I say."

"But he went bats."

"Well, so long, old boy. I must be off. Blenheim was probably a grey. I've heard that the Agha Khan's were all greys."



"I've decided to register with you this year."

Meals

MEALS are such an essential factor of our daily life that I am rather surprised at not having written about them before. This is only another way of saying that I am going to write about them now; I don't want my readers worrying over the difference between an essential factor and an ordinary one, because there may easily not be any.

Meals may be defined as what happens at meal-times, though if we think deeper into the subject we realize that meals start a good time before the actual meal begins to be eaten. I shall say more about this later. The average meal, according to statisticians, is eaten by however many people are eating it, on a fair-sized table covered with either a cloth or a number of little mats. In the middle of the average table stands a bowl or vase of flowers reaching to six inches of the chin of the person opposite, and somewhere behind this bowl or vase is the salt-cellar we are looking for. The flowers are mentally rearranged by everyone at every meal, but stand up to it very well. The average table sometimes harbours an average dog, and I shall say more about this too later. Now I shall go back to what happens before the meal begins.

Apart from what goes on in the kitchen beforehand, no meal can be eaten until the table has been laid; and this, again according to statisticians, takes either over or under three minutes. They arrived at this figure by taking the number of lightly-boiled-egg eaters who used to think they could just lay the breakfast table before they took their egg out of the saucepan, and then taking the number of hard-boiled-egg eaters who thought the same, and finding themselves confronted with a lot of useless data. However, the figure is probably quite accurate, because people delegated to lay a table are always surprised at how little

time it really takes after all that self-sacrifice. The trouble with most table-laying is that half the things are kept in the dining-room and half in the kitchen; this means that the things people go into the kitchen to fetch will be found to be in the dining-room and the other way round. As a rough guide it is safe to say that the mustard-pot is kept in the dining-room unless it needs refilling, and that the jam-pot is also kept in the dining-room, especially when it needs refilling. Talking of jam-pots, scientists have not yet found out why every jam-pot works its way to the back of every sideboard cupboard, but they think it has something to do with the law by which every empty ornamental biscuit-tin works its way to the front.

Arranging a full-sized table-cloth has always been a bit of an art, entailing walking round the table until each side seems to have more cloth than the other three. Arranging mats is even more of an art, because each mat must be at an equal distance from something or other, and this entails a certain amount of bending down and sighting. But what requires most art of all is arranging the salt, pepper, mustard, butter, jam and so on so that no one comes off too well. The idea is to space things out so that one person gets the salt and the jam, another the butter and a chance of the pepper, and another the knife with the newest-looking handle; with the layer getting the lowest priority in everything. This, I think, is all I need say about the preliminaries, except to mention that the person who has done all this will get an extraordinary glow of pleasure by just walking into the room and seeing it; but this does not mean much, because so will anyone else.

It has never been established, though psychologists are busy on it, in how many different ways people settle themselves in their chairs at the beginning of a meal, or what it all means. Some people grasp their chairs by the sides and shuffle onwards until they fetch up against the table; others do it by a series of backward and forward hops, chair and all; others like to pick their chair up first and drive it bodily into the floor in what they estimate to be the right position. It is all rather interesting, and, to quote the statisticians again, it takes anything up to quite a number of seconds before everybody is settled down enough for everybody to get up again to start fetching things, pouring things out, handing things round or just standing about.

*The Secretary, Punch Comforts Fund,
10 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.4.*

MY DEAR SIRS,—Your most generous parcels of woollies have come safely to hand and I should just like to take this opportunity of expressing my sincere thanks.

I shall be grateful if you will pass on to all your readers who contribute to your comforts fund my sincere appreciation, for it is only through the unseen, and all too often unacknowledged, work of such people that we are enabled to issue to our seafaring lads those extra garments which they need so much and appreciate so warmly.

With all good wishes and very many thanks for your generosity to us at all times,

I am, Yours sincerely,

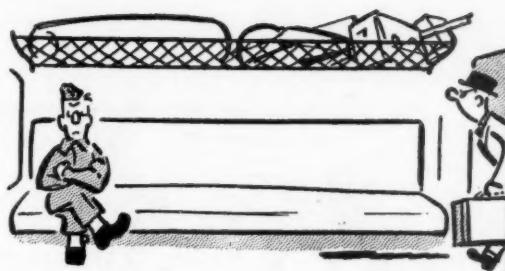

Chaplain

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

There is a certain type of person who sits all this out, acting as a kind of receiving office, but such people are rare nowadays. A growing number have found that to hover near the sideboard for a few operative seconds gives them the illusion of having made others think they have done something about something, which is all they needed; as they tell themselves, they can make up for it with their conversation. Conversation is of course the main point of a meal, apart from the actual eating. Indeed, mankind has always aimed at fitting its mouthfuls round its talk rather than its talk round its mouthfuls—proof, psychologists tell us, of its perpetual striving towards a higher level. I do not mean that the talk itself will reach a specially high level; it is well known that a good proportion of meal-time conversation boils down to the delivering of messages, and sociologists established long ago that message-delivering, considered purely as conversation, just about marks the borderline between talking and pronouncing words. But conversation at table can range right up to what sociologists call discussion, which is the highest form of conversation and consists of everyone downing everyone else and feeling fine afterwards. Statisticians say that we can tell if a discussion is going on at a meal without bothering to listen; all we need do is watch if people are twisting their plates round, sweeping their local crumbs up or tidying their spoons and forks. The more of this sort of thing going on, the higher the level of conversation. At the other end of the scale comes the question of dogs under tables, about which I said I would put in a few words. All I wanted to mention was that to tread on a dog under a table is the equivalent of one minute's conversation, because it takes one minute to apologize to the dog and to any vested interests present. It is also possible to fill any gap in a meal-time conversation simply by reporting how the dog is getting on; some conversations, according to sociologists, would look pretty thin if we cut out the dog-commentary.

When a meal is over it has to be cleared out. This is not a simple process. It means filing things into stacks or groups, carrying a few stacks into the kitchen and finally fetching a tray. The person fetching the tray is either the person with the most initiative or the person who has accumulated the most guilt by being the least useful person so far. In either case whoever fetches the tray has to carry it back, helped on only by a few moderately anxious inquiries if it is too heavy. To the remaining people falls the task of deciding whether what they are putting in the sideboard cupboard goes in the kitchen. This is simply the table-laying process in reverse; what goes in the kitchen is what will be looked for later in the dining-room, and the other way round, so it all works out quite well. As for folding up a table-cloth, all the folder has to worry about is whether it is safe to shake the crumbs on to the floor, and how to get the cloth folded back into the folds decreed by the laundry. I think this is all my readers need know about clearing out. Washing up I shall not deal with; it is a separate process, having no more connection with the meal itself than a thank-you letter has with a birthday present.

I must say a word about those people who like to say that their ideal meal is the kind eaten on a tray on their knees, with a book. This has long been known to be ideal only in the philosophical sense, as opposed to the real. Statisticians are pretty sure that for every one person who gets through such a meal in such a way there are two who give the book up and three who carry the tray over to a table. Even reading at a meal eaten at a table is, psychologists tell us, psychologically disappointing; most people finding that they have no more to show for all their trouble than half a paragraph with a drop of gravy on it.





"Yes—Farmer Giles speaking."

The Phoney Phleet

XLIX—H.M.S. "Ambrosia"

COMMANDER BLUDDER-WRACK, R.N.,
Like many other naval men,
Had very, very little money,
But what he had he spent on
honey:

This was before the war.
It was his only form of sport.
He'd tasted every single sort—
The Gaelic dew from Highland Whins,
The pure synthetic out of tins
Fresh from the local store.

He realized when war broke out
He'd be at sea for years, no doubt,
Without replenishing supplies.
His eyes betrayed a wild surmise—
Could one take bees abroad?
And, now the thought was in his mind,
Where was there honey more refined

Than that produced by coastal bees
Exploiting sea-anemones?
He sent a swarm aboard.

They were a very great success
And life was sweet in H.M.S.
Ambrosia—honey day and night.
Moreover, when she had a fight
The insects turned up trumps.
True Britons, every single one,
They were allergic to the Hun
And led by Boadicea, their Queen,
Would go and sting a submarine,
Raising quite ugly lumps.

They shared the captain's views upon
State visits of inspection;
An Admiral once stung is shy,
He swivels the Nelsonic eye
And beats it in his barge.

It's true you'd sometimes find a
hive
Inside, maybe, a 4·5,
But that was just their beeish
fun,
It didn't really harm the gun,
It hotted up the charge.

It was of course too good to last.
A Junkers 99 flew past;
The swarm at once bit through the
wings
And drilled the fuselage with stings;
The plane disintegrated.
But this made all the insects drop
10,000 feet without a stop,
Which broke their necks. And being
bees
They got no posthumous V.C.s.
That's all. What? No, cremated.



MASS OF MANOEUVRE

"And where are my immense reserves?"
"Still in the East, mein Fuehrer."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, July 11th.—House of Lords:
Gaffs Are Blown.

House of Commons: As in Another Place.

Wednesday, July 12th.—House of Commons: Town and Country Plans are Passed.

Thursday, July 13th.—House of Commons: The Steward Reports.

Tuesday, July 11th.—There's no doubt about it. When their Lordships observe the ancient Parliamentary festival of Blowing the Gaff they (in the words of other days) knock spots off the Commons. Not that the Commons have much to learn about the art, as your scribe has recorded ere this. But noble Lords do it with a grace, a verve and an abandon that no mere Commoner could hope to emulate.

Their Lordships were back once more on our old and esteemed friend the Education Bill, and Lord MOTTISTONE (who seemed to have some secret grief, something which kept him muttering to himself in the soft, low cadences of a bull elephant) sat straining at the leash.

From time to time he eyed Lord ADDISON, sitting blandly a seat or two away and trying to look unconcerned.

It is no mean feat to look unconcerned when Lord MOTTISTONE is on the warpath, for he has a large and booming voice and a glance to match. Not to mention a pair of lorgnette-like glasses which he flourishes with demoralizing effect.

Every battery was turned on Lord ADDISON. Striding purposefully to the dispatch box—which brought him to within six inches of his foe—Lord MOTTISTONE dumped down a couple of hefty volumes and opened fire.

It appears that some time ago Lord ADDISON had spoken of a proposal made by Lord MOTTISTONE as “the sort of thing Hitler had taught German youth for fifteen years.” This, to one who holds the views Lord MOTTISTONE does about Der Fuehrer, was something that could be avenged only in blood, tears, toil, sweat—or public apology.

The proposal, by the way, was that children in State schools should be taught the duties of citizenship, and particularly that it was the duty of every citizen to defend the law, and order, even at the risk of his or her life.

Lord MOTTISTONE seemed to find

this fact a fascinating discovery, and, like most discoverers, he found it difficult to believe that anyone else could have known that which he had just discovered. He clearly thought, in fact, that the news had hitherto been beyond human knowledge. And it made him intellectually truculent.

Fixing the Archbishop of CANTERBURY with a benevolently aggressive glance, he boldly expressed the view that that Prince of the Church had not known it before. His Grace leaped up with the prompt assurance that he had learned it in the cradle, and, moreover, rejoiced in it.

“All right,” the challenger conceded, crestfallen—“all right; you may, but others don't know.”

them to the blushing Lord ADDISON, commenting that it was a “bit like a prize-giving,” and adding—in the hopeful tones prize-givers are apt to adopt—that he trusted this generous treatment would produce from Lord A. an ample apology and recantation.

Just to clinch the matter, and possibly further to heighten the impression that this was a genuine prize-giving, he added that the House should “grasp the nettle and put it in the Bill,” and should, moreover, “let sleeping dogs lie.”

Lord SELBORNE, who has Ministerial charge of the Education Bill, unkindly intervened to ask their Lordships not to be carried away by Lord MOTTISTONE's eloquence, but to look at the matter in a “sane and sensible way.” This comment seemed to depress Lord M. and to delight Lord A.

But Lord ADDISON was not listening closely to the debate. He was looking at the “prizes.” And they seemed to please him more than most prizes do. Then he rose and said with engaging frankness that he was not repentant enough to deserve the books. Anyway, citizenship could not be separated from history, and Britain's history was enough to inspire any boy or girl to the highest manifestations of citizenship.

Then Lord ADDISON turned to Lord MOTTISTONE and administered the *coup de disgrice*: “Mr. Gillie Potter has at Hognorton a rug bearing in its centre the letters ‘G.W.R.’ I find, on examining this book Lord MOTTISTONE has given me . . .”

Lord MOTTISTONE paled visibly. The Law Lords put on their most judicial expressions. The rest of the noble Lords were just frankly curious.

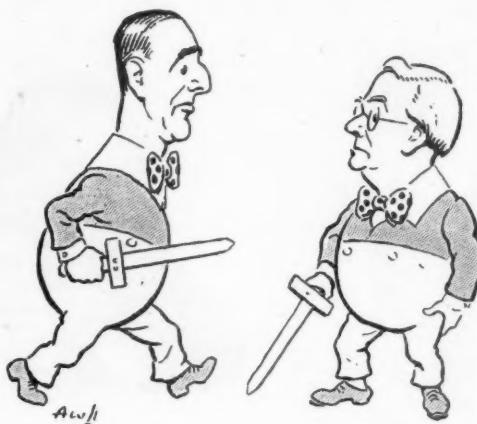
“. . . I find on examination that the book bears the name, not ‘Mottistone’ but ‘Brooks’s’!” (Sensation.)

The House laughed, Lord MOTTISTONE dissenting.

Reddish in the face, he explained that he had borrowed the volume from his “respectable club.” But the damage was done. Lord ADDISON was on a winner.

“It only shows,” quoth he, sweetly, “how important is interpretation. You misinterpret what I say, and I—”

He left it at that. Lord MOTTISTONE was demoralized. He muttered softly—for him—throughout the rest of the debate, which, in consequence, had a background of flying-bomb-like rumbles.



LORDS MOTTISTONE AND ADDISON “AGREE TO HAVE A BATTLE.”

Some of the Peers learned in the law smiled superior smiles, and Lord MOTTISTONE hastily added: “Except the Law Lords!”—which made Lord ADDISON laugh out loud.

A bit nettled, Lord MOTTISTONE proceeded to demonstrate his knowledge of the rules of order by quoting an anonymous correspondent for the description of Lord ADDISON's “Just-what - Hitler - taught” taunt as a “damnable lie.” Off his own bat, so to speak, this would have been out of order.

The biting phrase his Lordship translated into the Parliamentary: “A misrepresentation of the true facts of the case.” He then proceeded to read a portion of *Mein Kampf*—one of his hefty volumes—and another portion of Dicey's *Law of the Constitution*—the other.

His object was to show that what he wanted taught was Dicey, not Hitler. Slamming the books shut, he handed



"Coo ! A manless soldier!"

Lord ROCHE, a Law Lord, who had been quoted by Lord MOTTISTONE in support of himself, revealed that he had approved the *law* of the noble and aggressive Lord's proposition, but *not* the *policy*. Lord ADDISON cheered; Lord MOTTISTONE did not.

Fighting a losing battle, Lord MOTTISTONE cheered a few sneers other Peers offered about "appeasement" and its disciples. Then, with incredible toughness, he demanded a reply from the Government, got it—the wrong one—and appealed to the Archbishop of CANTERBURY to act as "an angel of peace." If he would, he could "see daylight."

But the Archbishop was not helpful and declined the proffered office. So Lord MOTTISTONE himself had to do the peacemaking—not to say the appeasement—and eventually gave in and dropped his amendment.

Lord ADDISON smiled, and handed back the books—Brooks's books.

In the Commons, Mr. SHAKESPEARE MORRISON, Minister of Town and Country Planning, was introducing a Bill to enable Britain to be rebuilt

with the maximum of efficiency. That, at least, was his idea of it. But other M.P.s were less sure, and decidedly less enthusiastic. Great was the joy of the House, therefore, when he began his speech thus: "I want to try to put this Bill in its proper place—"

Various Members tendered suggestions as to the location of the proper place, none of which was accepted by the Government, and the Minister went on to argue that the Bill (subject to improvement in committee) was quite good—well, goodish.

The debate lasted all day, and spilt over (as the Minister would put it) into to-morrow.

Wednesday, July 12th.—The debate on the rebuilding of Britain went on. Acid is perhaps the best description of most of the speeches, and it became known that the Labour Party had decided officially to abstain from taking part in the division on the Bill. This was one stage better—or less bad—than voting against it, but it left the Labour Ministers high and dry in their support of the measure.

Anyway, they ploughed stolidly

through the debate, and in the end the Second Reading of the Bill was granted by 227 votes to 14.

Mr. EDEN announced a plan for the exchange with Germany of all civilian internees. He added that the position with regard to the Japanese was "less satisfactory."

Thursday, July 13th.—Major GWILYMD LLOVD GEORGE, Minister of Fuel and Power, to-day presented a report on his stewardship of the office. And a very good report it was, all difficulties considered. It was clear from the debate that the task of "keeping the home fires burning" in this war is very difficult. Output has been acutely disappointing. But most of the "Bevin boys" have done well.

○ ○

"Alleyn's pencil whispered across his notebook. He turned a page, flattened it, and looked up. Neither Lord Charles nor Nigel had stirred but now Nigel cleared his throat and took out a cigarette case."

From a detective story.

"Cleared" is right . . .



"This week's subject for discussion is 'The World I Want After the War.' Would someone please prod Gunner Tomkins sharply in the ribs and ask him what sort of world he wants after the war."

Little Talks

HOW many is that, Flight-Officer Siegfried?

How many is what, Air Commander Clausewitz?

How many packets of retribution have we dispatched to England to-day?

Do you mean from the whole coast, or from this particular hole?

From this place, Revenge Centre Number 43. Heil Hitler!

I make it thirty-six. But what is the use? They shoot them down.

The English are cheats. But be resolute, Flight-Officer. They do not shoot them all down.

Where do the others go, do you suppose?

It is not for those who follow the Fuehrer to suppose, Flight-Officer. We know. Heil Hitler!

But what—

I said "Heil Hitler!"

Heil Hitler. But what do we know? It is the Herr Professor who selects the targets. It is the Herr Professor who measures the fuel and adjusts the range. We can do nothing but—send the things away.

We know that the revenge-projectiles descend on Portsmouth and Plymouth, and Aldershot, and Dover, on the ships of England and the armies of England, assembling to invade the Fuehrer's Continent.

But the ships and the armies are here already. It is a pity the Fuehrer did not send over the revenge-projectiles before they started.

Flight-Officer, it is not permitted to question the wisdom of the Fuehrer.

Heil Hitler.

The Fuehrer has permitted the invasion. He has even willed it.

You mean, Air Commander, that he has lured the Allied armies to Normandy there to destroy them?

Precisely, Flight-Officer.

Would it not be better, then, to lure some more to the Continent, instead of hampering their passage with the revenge-projectiles?

Whatever the Fuehrer decides is best.

The Fuehrer decided to teach me to fly. The Fuehrer made me a Flight-Officer. Why then must I sit in a hole under the ground?

A hole? This is no way to speak of Revenge Centre Number 43.

I am sick of Revenge Centre Number 43. And I am sick of this deaf-and-dumb projectile.

We are destroying England.

Then I want to be there. I want to fly.

It is impossible to fly over England. The flames are five miles high.

Then how do all these Fortresses and Spitfires manage? Not to mention those accursed Mosquitoes.

They come from Southern Ireland which the English have brutally annexed.

Oh!

The English are streaming out of the towns, yelling for peace.

I do not hear them.

The Thames has dried up. Big Ben has fallen onto the Houses of Parliament. The Tower of London was blown sky-high.

Where did it come down?

No flippancy, please, Flight-Officer. Parliament has ceased to meet. The Cabinet meets in a cave in the Yorkshire hills. . . . The King has fled to Scotland. The Navy is on the verge of mutiny. The people are starving. Herr Churchill has been deposed. Sir William Beveridge is forming a new Government. All this is our work.

Where do you get this stuff, Air Commander?

Stuff, Flight-Officer?

The neutral business men say there has not been a fire in London for months.

It is not true. From Cap Gris-Nez you can see St. Paul's burning.

The neutral business men say there is more food in London than ever. They say if you go into any restaurant or club the waiter says "Would you like grilled salmon, or fried sole?"

Ja. This is because there are no more people in the town.

Then what are the waiters waiting for? The neutral business men say the English make a joke of the projectile. They call it a "doodle-bug".

A "doodle-bug"? What is this? No one could speak so of the Revenge Projectile Number One.

Well, they do. I had a letter from my brother Fritz. He's in the Normandy battle. He says "Where are all you Luftwaffe so-and-so's? Always the sky is full of Allied aircraft. Never a German. They bomb us, they shoot us, they do as they please. Come over and help us."

Tell him you are operating the Revenge Projectile Number One.

He knows that. He says "I wish I had twenty foot of concrete over me, like you. I thought you were a flying man."

Tell him you are destroying England.

He says "You may be destroying England. But it doesn't seem to stop them destroying me." He says "After this the Luftwaffe won't be able to show their faces in Germany."

He is too much interested in himself, your brother. Tell him he must think of the Fuehrer only, of the Reich.

I think he is right, Air Commander. I was proud to be a flying man. I was proud to belong to the Luftwaffe. Now I am ashamed.

"Ashamed"! Flight-Officer—of the Luftwaffe? This is treason. I arrest you.

Oh, no, you don't. You too are a Luftwaffe man.

Ja. That is why I arrest you—And do not hum.

Why not, Air Commander?

Because it is almost time to send the next Revenge Projectile to England!

To what part of England, Air Commander?

The Herr Professor tells me that the next projectile is one of those directed at the Headquarters of the Portsmouth Admiral.

The neutral business men say that all these came down on a certain hospital in West London.

It is not true.

How do we know?

We have our Intelligence. The English say first "We will keep all secret about the Revenge Projectile." Good. Then they say "We will raise the diplomatic ban." They are mad. The neutrals tell us all.

The English are seldom so mad as they seem.

Do not hum. What is the tune you hum, Flight-Officer?

I was humming "We march against England", Air Commander.

It is not suitable.

I couldn't agree with you more, Air Commander.

That is offensive. That is dis— Listen, Air Commander. And when you have listened, arrest me if you like. Shoot me. I shall be delighted.

Do not hum.

I obey. For me, Air Commander, this is the end—the end of me, of the Fuehrer, of Germany.

"This"? What is "this"?

You and me, Air Commander, sitting in this synthetic cavern, and preparing to dispatch an explosive projectile to hospitals we cannot see. You and I were flying men, men of the Air. There were some who did not think so much of flying. There were some who thought if the internal combustion engine had

never been invented that would have been a good thing.

Ja.

But you and I were flying men. We lived for flying. We had ideals. Herr H. G. Wells wrote a book in which the flying men saved the world, governed the world. I believed in that. The German wings over the world—conquering, protecting. And now they have taken our wings away—

Now, Flight-Officer, it is time to dispatch another projectile to the fortress of Pimlico.

Now we sit in a deep hole, marching against England. What am I to say to my children?

Heil Hitler.
Heil my foot!

A. P. H.



"I learn from the Labour Exchange that in future Mrs. Wright is to have half of you."

At the Play

"TWELFTH NIGHT" (OPEN AIR)

NEXT to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Twelfth Night* is probably the best of all plays for pastoral performance—preferable even to *As You Like It*, which, perversely, is apt to go better in an Arden of paint and canvas than under the shade of melancholy boughs. In spite of unaccustomed noise in the Illyrian sky, the latest *Twelfth Night* works its familiar magic: the rhythms still come o'er the ear like the sweet south—we prefer to think that this was *Orsino's* word—and the midnight carousing in kitchen or cellar cool loses little of its candle-lit heartiness, played though it must be in evening sunshine beneath trees now heavy with summer and loud with the babbling gossip of the air.

Those who reach the present revival will see one performance that cannot be permitted to fade after a three weeks' season. Few *Malvolios* of recent years have given such a rich account of their stewardship as Mr. ERNEST THESIGER. One remembers Mr. John Laurie's gouty hobbling, the austerity of Mr. Baliol Holloway and of the late Randle Ayrton, the youthful superciliousness of Mr. John Abbott in an Old Vic revival, Mr. Wolfit's fretful porpettine, and a whole regiment of expert players. Now there is the gaunt figure of Mr. THESIGER, rigid with dignity, icily withdrawn, as a steward whose blood seems at first, like *Angelo's*, to be "very snow-broth," and who must have made *Maria's* life so unbearable that we can forgive her any trick in the calendar. No *Malvolio* has been more consumed with vanity; none has had a more contemptuous eye for *Feste*—here Mr. THESIGER takes on the expression of a surrealist painter examining the works of Lord Leighton—or a more overwhelming distaste for the envoy who thrusts himself into the *Lady Olivia's* presence while her steward ("sad and civil" indeed!) must stand apart in one of those sour silences drenched with vinegar and verjuice.

All this *Malvolio's* affairs are affairs

of state. At one point when, night-gowned and robed, he breaks in upon the roystering chorus below stairs, he resembles an angry prelate ready to launch a curse. In the garden scene the Grey Eminence who stalks moodily about *Olivia's* lawn and who savours the early passages of the letter like a philosopher at grips with a treatise, finds suddenly that his smiles become him well. Here he offers a prefatory grimace like the first streaks of a December dawn off the Shetlands. We take leave to doubt whether this alarming iceberg would have melted so

Pigrogromitus, and the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quebus, and to jump obediently and flat-footedly through every hoop erected before him. So he finds himself singing catches in the early morning (he is a dog at a catch, he says lugubriously), fighting superfluous duels, helping to fool the steward and laughing at nothing in particular, and being mistily conscious now and then that life in this part of the country grows more and more expensive while his business with the *Countess Olivia* makes no headway at all. Mr. HOLME is deeper in the Illyrian mood than that good actor Mr. RUSSELL THORNDIKE, whose *Toby*, except in the very droll drinking scene, is still too dry and wizened for *Olivia's* wicked uncle. The genuine *Toby* flashes out from time to time; but his gaiety is more laborious than it should be: it is hardly in tune with that May morning, and we wonder why the *Maria* of Miss EMMA TRECHMAN (content to play the part in a sound traditional fashion) was conquered.

The newest Illyria is governed rather by its jesters than its romantics. Miss THEA HOLME, who has produced with much skill, is an eager *Viola*, bright-eyed and quick-witted but lacking a little in the true lyric quality. Miss LYDIA SHERWOOD's *Olivia* is simply played and warmly spoken, a performance instinct with the grace that at present the *Orsino* of Mr. DOUGLAS CAMPBELL lacks.

Finally, the *Feste*. He is Mr. JAN VAN DER GUCHT,

which is proof enough that the songs are well sung, even when—as it did the other evening—a hoarse siren-note swells up across the trees to carry off the words and melody of "Come away, Death." But *Feste* should have more than a "mellifluous voice." Mr. VAN DER GUCHT over-simplifies him and misses his bitter-sweetness.

As ever, though, an evening with the Illyrians is amply repaying. It is worth the journey to Regent's Park to see contemplation making a rare turkey-cock of Mr. THESIGER as the vision of *Count Malvolio* rises gloriously before him and the letter of the Fortunate-Unhappy quivers in his hand.

J. C. T.



LEG-PULLED AND GARTERED

Olivia MISS LYDIA SHERWOOD
Malvolio MR. ERNEST THESIGER

quickly into the wooer who flourishes before *Olivia* "strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered." Still, Mr. THESIGER is most amusing as he buzzes around like a delirious wasp. He must reproduce this performance on an indoor stage: already it is growing in the grand manner.

The second treasurable experience of the revival is the *Aguecheek* of Mr. STANFORD HOLME, Illyria's not-so-merry *Andrew*. This *Aguecheek* can understand perhaps ten words in a hundred. Occasionally there is speculation in his eyes; but for the most part he is content to take his burnt sack, to follow *Sir Toby's* heels, to laugh vaguely at the clown's talk of

Incantation

COME, ye antique days, again,
When good goblins now and then
Would at many a household task
Toil while good wives snored, and ask
Nothing to discharge the debt
Save "the cream-bowl, duly set!"
Welcome, goblin, work for us,
Not at wages fabulous,
Nor with saucy mien and tongue
Found our mortal helps among
(Say what nights you'll come, and say
When you mean to keep away!).
We will never peep and peer
When your nightly noise we hear;
Mortals, we will keep in mind—
Dealing with the faerie kind—
All observances that should
Charm you to our neighbourhood;
But the brimmed bowl's draught must
be

(Blame the time's austerity)
Powdered milk's thin-bodied brew;
Gallant goblin, make it do!

W. K. H.

• •

News from the Suburbs

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I may be leaving the Army soon. Nobody was actually killed, but it was a very confused scene, and unfortunately it attracted a good deal of attention from the kind of man who can cause you to leave the Army. It may even have set the war back a couple of days.

It all arose because, for reasons I can't go into now, I had been detailed to give some lectures to some units, and amongst them were some American tanks. This American outfit, as it seemed to be called internally, was very efficient, very businesslike, very cavalry and so on, and had invited me to spend the next day with them. They were doing some sort of problem, they said. If I had realized all that the problem involved I should have left immediately; but there it is, misfortunes are always unexpected.

The major in charge was delightful. He was that type of American who not only knows where the local historic celebrity lived or died or slept, but also what he or she did and how well. He even claimed to be descended from some martyrs that had met the usual fate of martyrs in a local town, which, since the period was before the *Mayflower* boys had worked out the answer to threats of martyrdom, may well have been true.

He was also very proud of his tank and its equipment.

Well, about 10.30 on the morning of this problem we were bowling down a main road in the tank, which was a Sherman, when the exigencies of the battle required that we should stop, which we did. So the major seized the opportunity of showing me how everything worked. I hadn't progressed very far—in fact I was just conducting a series of experiments to see how fast you could make the turret traverse—when suddenly there was a loud cry. A large furniture van was approaching down the road.

A point to bear in mind is that the turret has rather a long gun sticking out from one side, and at that moment the side with the gun in it was swinging from left to right. It had struck someone that if the turret continued at its existing speed and direction it would inevitably spear the furniture van as it passed.

They couldn't have been more right. Fascinated, my arm too paralysed to release the control grip, I waited for the moment. The muzzle of the gun engaged the side of the van, splintered the wood, and swung majestically further into the interior of the van. The van stopped, and I stopped the gun. We had skewered the van. My feelings were curiously mixed.

You can imagine the scene. If I moved the gun, or the driver moved the van, further damage would inevitably result, and the driver was very keen on not having his van damaged any more. At that moment our column of tanks was ordered to advance.

The first to arrive were some Military Police on high-powered motorcycles with sirens. They dashed madly to and fro. Then came the crews of the tanks behind us, who saw no reason why they should miss any of the fun. There were also two lorries, intending to go the other way but held up by the stationary van, and they were full of jolly sailors. They had no respect for anyone and were very frank in their comments.

Then the senior officers started to appear. A lieutenant-colonel, followed by two full colonels (umpires). Then a brigadier. He was in a jeep, and the driver of the jeep thought he could squeeze past without upsetting the jeep into the ditch. He was wrong. Still, that gave the other tank crews something to do, getting the jeep out of the ditch. The brigadier got out unaided. He was quite wet, but talking well.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Finally, there was a great deal of hooting at the back of the block, which by now probably extended some distance either way along the road, and an enormous black limousine forced its way forward. It had a red plate on the front with a number of white stars on it, and there was a general inside. That was immediately followed by a wrecker (breakdown lorry to us) and two ambulances, which the M.P.s had ordered up, in case. The scene was now complete. Or so I thought.

The general wasted no time. All available men, including, I am glad to say, the jolly sailors, were ordered to lift the furniture van, fortunately empty, and edge it clear. As it was moved backwards the general's car advanced after it. Clearly the general was tired of missing the battle, and who can blame his driver for sharing his impatience? But by a stroke of ill-luck one of the M.P.s had parked his machine just in front of the car, and in the flurry of the moment the driver did not observe this. There was a dull grinding sound as the front axle of the car crushed the motor-cycle, and the car stopped. It was only too clear that the steering-arm of the car was no longer as designed by the manufacturers.

Then the last blow fell. In the silence that followed I heard the wireless operator in the tank reading over in a remarkably penetrating voice a message he had just received. It was addressed to me. It read: "YOUR LECTURE TO 200 ATS COOKS ON MEND AND MAKE-DO ADVANCED TO 1500 HOURS TO-DAY. NICE GOING KID." It was signed by my superior officer. I wish he had not chosen that occasion to be flippant.

There it is. The general jumped into the brigadier's jeep, unfortunately before anyone could tell him that the seat was very wet, but before he left I heard him say, "What was that fool's name again?"

That is why I think I may be leaving the Army. Still, on the whole, I have enjoyed it while it lasted.

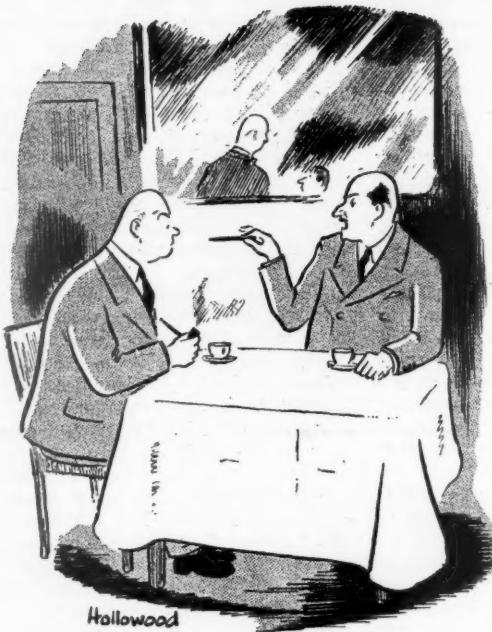
Your loving son HAROLD.

• •

Robot

THE Pilotless Planes, as we all of us know,
May fly pretty fast, but they fly
pretty low:
Your lies, Dr. Goebbels, may fly very
fast,
But we think you will lie very low
at the last!

C. A. A.



"Try to imagine that this is a self-propelling pencil and you'll see what I mean."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

English Archbishops

A WELL-KNOWN Anglo-Catholic, Mr. SIDNEY DARK holds that "so long as the Church has been vividly conscious that the Provinces of Canterbury and York remain the Church Catholic in this realm, so long has it been able to fulfil its mission and to leaven the nation with the faith once delivered to the saints and to fight the battle of the poor." While approving of other-worldliness in such individuals as have a bent that way, Mr. DARK wants the Church to exercise what he calls "a ghostly authority in mundane affairs," for "religion has to be political if it is to be effective." He has, of course, a great admiration for Francis of Assisi, from whom, he says, the mediaeval world learnt the gaiety of goodness, and whose "laughter gave religion a new reality," but his real heroes are such ecclesiastical statesmen as Thomas Becket and William Laud. His argument in *Seven Archbishops* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 12/6) is that it was not the Reformation but the establishment of the supremacy of money in the national life that paralysed the Church of England. From Lanfranc, Anselm and Becket to Laud and Juxon and Sancroft there were "great men at Canterbury"; but with the arrival of William III and the foundation of the Bank of England, the Primate became and remained for two centuries, until the appointment of Dr. Temple to the see of Canterbury, little more than an ornamental court official. In the first of these centuries, the eighteenth, the English people, according to Mr. DARK, were more degraded than ever in their history; and during the nineteenth

century "pious wealth was the real ruler of the nation." If an age is to be judged by its archbishops there is certainly not much to be said for the eighteenth century and everything to be said for the reign of William Rufus, when Anselm was at Canterbury. Mr. DARK's arbitrary assumptions and drastic simplifications should appeal to those who wish to believe that from Becket to Laud it was only a very exceptional archbishop whose heart did not bleed for the poor, but the ordinary reader may get more pleasure from the patches of biographical matter interspersed here and there. Much the most interesting and attractive chapter in the book is the one on Anselm, whose wisdom, courage and kindness are copiously illustrated from contemporary sources; and Mr. DARK's habit of generous quotation has also done justice to Laud's dignified and moving end.

H. K.

Mendacia Ridicula

A cross between *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen* and that famous Victorian ditty "When Father Laid the Carpet on the Stairs," *Tubers and Taradiddle* (TANTIVY PRESS, 7/6) relates the horticultural misadventures of one *Henry Taradiddle*, assisted by his wife, maid and neighbours. Undoubtedly the seriousness and/or sentimentality of war and pre-war gardening books lend themselves to travesty; yet there is something more ridiculous than the butt itself about a whole volume of Middleton-Middlecombe printed in 11-point Baskerville on antique wove paper. There are, say, half a dozen chuckles in a hundred of these beautiful thick pages; and although *Lucinda Taradiddle*, *Dulcie* the maid, *Carstairs* the expert neighbour and *Mrs. Cole-Rabby*, "our famous lady horticulturist," play gallantly up to *Henry's* star part, one would hesitate to recall the cast before an on the whole well-deserved curtain. The greatest kindness Mr. DONALD COWIE's publishers could have done him would have been to find him an accomplished and sympathetic illustrator for his rarest but most remunerative vein of drollery. The giant marrow which reared its cobra head through the bedroom window, and the swan-haunted lake which appeared when a heroic spade struck a water main would have inspired Gustave Doré.

H. P. E.

A Battered Caravanserai

Grand Hotels, after all, are the same all over the world. In the wake of civilization come the identical figures, following superciliously - carried luggage down a long diminishing perspective of crimson carpet, while on each side heads are popped suddenly out of doors and withdrawn. Wrong, then, to complain if there is a certain sameness about VICKI BAUM's novels, *Grand Hotel*, *Nanking Road*, and now *Berlin Hotel* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 9/6). Here, in this once magnificent meeting place of quislings, foreign agents, international bankers and the upper crust of the Third Reich, the carpet with its pineapple pattern is worn and darned, the cosy Ratskeller is a disguised air-raid shelter, and the sumptuous elevator is out of order; here Miss BAUM assembles many of her familiars—the disappointed doctor, the good-natured prostitute, the great actress unable to distinguish theatre from reality, the general, the gauleiter, the dangerous young lover—all arrested in their flight from each other and themselves and the growing nightmare of the Reich. They are handled so briskly and so competently that the machinery, although certainly not out of order, does creak a little; but just the same this novel, like many of VICKI BAUM's, is irresistibly good to read because of two gifts she shares with the greatest novelists—her blazing sense of the dramatic and her occasional touches of insight which persuade you,

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PUNCH or The London Charivari

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against your better judgment, that these characters are real. You are quite persuaded, for instance, when the Prussian general, with his shaved head, sits down to write his last love-letter, "labouring over it as he had laboured as a little cadet over his equations," or when *Martin Richter*, the patriot, the rebel, for all he has suffered at the front and in concentration camps, cannot get rid of his deep inbred respect for a German officer's uniform.

P. M. F.

Food from the Farm

It is pleasant to find great minds agreeing, and when Marshal Stalin discovers "an enormous balance against State farms" and the Pope proclaims "a homestead of one's own . . . the vital space of the family," our chances of securing freedom and good food seem to look a little rosier. A free agriculture must obviously renounce subsidies; for as the late Education Act so euphoniously put it "you can't have assistance unless you've control." Mr. JOHN DRUMMOND, a small Scots laird who farms seven farms himself, wants neither. Nationalization, he feels, is the end of the "freedom from fear"—for what individual can stand up to the totalitarian State? In *Charter for the Soil* (FABER, 10/-) he produces a persuasive, spirited and knowledgeable plan for a free farmer dealing directly with that pathetic mass of complexes the proletarian shopper and eliminating the middleman altogether. A group of small farms supplies rural necessities and luxuries to an automatic market with self-registered customers. If the customers are too lazy to come and fetch the delicious fresh produce they can hire a delivery firm to do it for them. The scheme, worked out in enthusiastic detail, has vast possibilities.

H. P. E.

A Swedish View

Strenuous cordiality, tempered by tact, is at present the keynote of most English books on the United States. Mr. VICTOR VINDE, the author of *America at War* (HUTCHINSON, 12/-), is a Swede who, writing in a relatively unconstrained spirit, has given an account of the States which is both sympathetic and genuinely critical. Of American friendliness, for example, he writes: "It is often said that the American's smile is not genuine, that it is a mask. It may be that he does not put his whole heart into his smile, but it inspires a confidence and a candour in human intercourse which have their value." In the same balanced spirit he writes of Mr. Roosevelt, characterizing him as an extremely positive man of action, with an extremely combative nature, but adding "this rich and powerful man has never been able to reconcile himself with the great, the powerful and the rich." Of the American attitude to Europe at the present moment he says "So far, the U.S.A. has been playing fair"; and he believes that if things go wrong, the cause will be European mistrust, not American aggressiveness. He brings the same impartial judgment to the New Deal, to the American Labour movement, to the relations between the White House and Congress, and to the negro problem, which occupies perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book, and of which he writes—"By its solution of the negro problem Europe and the world will judge American democracy."

H. K.

A Rolling Stone

Captain ALEC WAUGH has written an entertaining account of his war experiences (*His Second War*: CASSELL, 8/6). He was in France and Belgium in May 1940 and his narrative of those days has historical value. The description of the bomb on his Boulogne hotel is particularly vivid.

Captain WAUGH has filled a succession of junior staff appointments with the B.E.F. in France, in London during the Blitz, in Syria and Egypt and latterly with the Persia and Iraq command. His impressions of the Middle East are amusing and picturesque, though his life in London was not entirely uneventful. The book is quite uncontroversial except for the last two pages, in which the author suggests that Hitler is alone responsible for the present chaos of the world and that all other Germans must be treated as if they were gentlemen. This is of a piece with his suggestion that hatred of Germans was "artificially fostered" from 1914-18. Most of the English gentry had a pretty poor opinion of Germans in 1870 and from the succession of the late Kaiser in 1890 (as the pages of *Punch* bear witness); nor was the behaviour of the Germans on the high seas and in France and Belgium in the last war calculated to win affection. However, the book gives a charming variety of impressions, and his literary skill finds ample scope.

E. S. P. H.

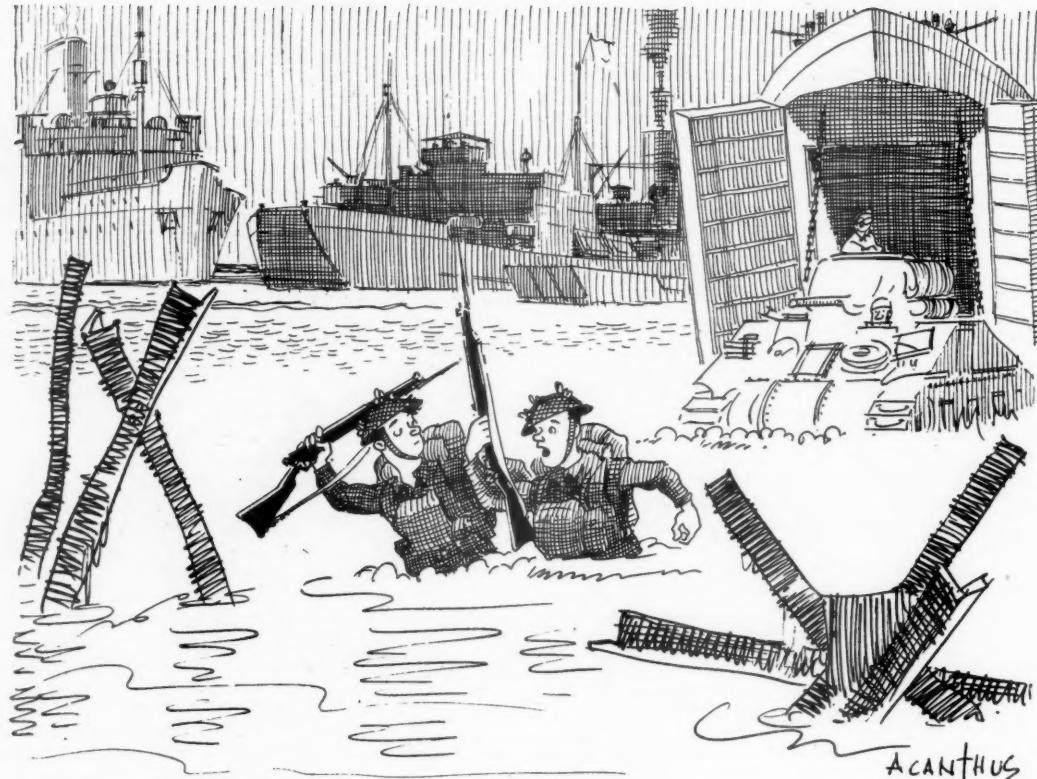
Happy Travellers

The best proof of the adventurous spirit of Miss Joy COLLIER, author of *Algerian Adventure* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 21/-), and her friend "Betsy" is the happy-go-lucky way they decided to go to Morocco because they wanted to go somewhere, because they liked the name Oztarte, and because they were amused to think of themselves "inadequately clad, ambling slowly across the desert on the back of a scornful-faced camel." Their holiday was limited in time to two months and in cash to thirty pounds each. This meant that they travelled "fourth class" from Morocco to Tangier and yet maintained their exuberance. In spite of "Betsy's" illness, ignorance, persistence of guides and shortage of cash, they had a very good time, feasted and made friends, saw dancing girls, drank with Cadirs, walked in the desert and reached Algiers when war had begun to rumble. They had a glimpse of Paris before the Germans entered it and felt their spirits dampen as they reached England. The book is well enough written and is illustrated by photographs and the author's excellent pencil sketches.

B. E. B.



"I came to ask for your daughter's hand."



"Now you know why I always went Calais-Dover."

Seven Days

ON a charge, did you say? There's nothing to it, mate. It's all over pretty quick except the jankers part, and that's not too bad if you use your loaf.

I remember the last jankers I had, a piece of cake, it was—seven days, old Groupy gave me.

You're on the pegs, says the Cookhouse Chieifie. I saw you, he says, with my own eyes, coming round twice. Two dinners, he says, very hurt like—two dinners you had, pudding as well; serious, that is, robbing your mates, it is. No excuses, he says, and I hadn't opened my mouth—one dinner is enough for any man. You're forit straight, he grunts, nameandnumber, and he outs with pencil and a bit of paper.

So I gives him my 1250, and he looks at it, then at me. This your photo? he says, doubtful. Course it's me,

Chieifie, I says smiling, afore I was trained on cookhouse grub.

Wise guy, eh, says Chieifie, think you're very funny. Better be careful who you jokes with, and it's Flight Sergeant, not Chieifie, he says, dignified.

Next day there I was waiting to see Groupy. I'd thought up a couple of wizard excuses and had my little piece off all pat, and I felt sure I could flannel out of it—what's an extra dinner? I says to myself.

Up I goes then, full of beans, in my best blue and boots, haircut and shaved, just like sloping off on a forty-eight, not scared a bit—see? What's an extra dinner? I repeats to myself.

In no time my cap was knocked off of my head and there I was standing smart and ready before the old man himself.

The charge was reeled off, and I must say it sounded something awful the

way they puts it together. All about conduct and good order and prejudice and discipline whereas and to wit partaking of double rations etcetera.

Groupy looked almost sad and sat very quiet, just looking at me. It was only an extra dinner, I kept saying to myself, but he looked like he thought I had set the cookhouse on fire.

This is a very serious matter, he says at last, looking very serious. What would happen, do you think, if everyone tried to get double dinners?

And then all in one breath, still looking very sad and a bit reproachful too, he seals my fate quick—Anything to say must find you guilty but having regards to your good record heretofore I will be lenient seven days C.C. march him out!

Just like that, all in one breath!

There I was outside, looking for my cap, shook very badly. Never had a

chance to say a blinking word. Just anything to say guilty seven days march him out!

Report to the Guard Room, says the Station Warrant Officer, who had been waiting outside—to gloat, I expect.

What, already? I says, and seeing the old look in his eye, sir, I adds quick. Now, he says, and don't stand there arguing; you got to go to the Guard Room to read what's on the defaulters' duty-sheet see. Times of reporting and all that; off you go, he says, still with that old look in his eye.

So I reports to the S.P. at the Guard Room and he grins at me and says what, another one? I don't see what he has to laugh at, but knowing S.P.s I grins back and says yes, Corp., another victim of circumstance.

He laughs at that and gives me a board full of typewritten stuff. Read that and don't forget the times or you will be in it proper again, he says. You wouldn't chuckle, I riposts. I won't drop into it again, and I begins to study the board.

There was a lot of bullshine about full marching order and no beer at the Naffi, not that I can drink Naffi beer, but the worst part about it was the times of reporting—0700, 1300, 1700, 1800, 2100, and 2200 hours in full marching order—full pack, they meant.

1800 to 2000 hours shall be used up by fatigues, says the board, and the fatigues make you laugh, they do.

First night the Corporal doesn't know what fatigues to lash out—there were more blokes than what he had jobs for. After he had used up all the other chaps on Sweep out the Guard Room, Go to the Sergeant's Mess, Go to the Dining Hall, Go to the Station Orderly Room, and Go to Sick Quarters, and All stay there till eight, he finds me still standing there.

Nothing for me, I thinks, as he scratches his head wondering what he can find for me. Trust him though—he finds something.

You, he says, a nice little job for you. Go around the outside of the office block and anywhere else and pick up all the bits of paper and fag cartons and put them in the bin provided, and don't pack up till eight or else.

I had to laugh, honest. Two hours picking up pieces of paper anywhere and don't pack up before eight, he says. By seven I was back in the billet playing nap. Don't pack up before eight or else!

Next night he says you—you get a shovel and that handcart and shift that pile of dirt from by the side of

the small hangar. Shift it where? I says. I don't know, he answers, nobody says where, but you got to shift it before you pack up. Get stuck into it, but be here by nine or else!

Off I goes with the handcart and shovel, feeling a bit silly, hoping none of the lads would see me.

When I gets to the small hangar I finds two heaps of dirt a bit apart. I'm stuck for a minute because one's a heck of a big pile, see, and the other would just about fill the cart once. Then I thinks fast, you got to in this mob. Shift that pile of dirt, he says; and the small one was a pile, wasn't it? Shift it to where he didn't know, so I uses my loaf and fills the cart with the small pile and turfs it onto the big one. Smart, I must say, because I obeyed the last order, see?

So back to the billet I goes, hides the cart and plays nap again. I like nap. I wins back one-and-nine I lost the night before and a tanner besides.

Next night he says Sick Quarters for you this time, he says. When I gets there the orderly says the M.O. wants his office and treatment room floors polished. O.K., I says, let's get cracking. Got a bumper and some polish? No polish, says the orderly, but here's the bumper. No polish? I asks. How can I polish with no polish? Just bumper, he says, quite easy. I'm mildish too, I answers—no polish, no shine. He says he's mildish too, so off I goes and bumpers the floors. It makes no blinking difference, but I'm satisfied, the orderly's satisfied, and I expect the M.O. was easy about it too.

The best night though was when I had to clean out the S.W.O.'s office. What a break! I found a bundle of fag coupons lying there on his table, yelling out to be taken away. I craftily grabs about a dozen and worked them across the Naffi, me and one of the Naffi girls, you know Blondie, being good pals, see?

What! You think jankers is going to be a bind, do you? Well, mate, not if you uses your loaf it won't.

I'm a philosopher, see, and I looks at it this way. For seven days' jankers—and I'm not forgetting all the times you have to report—I had six breakfasts what I wouldn't have had normally because I can never make the cookhouse in time—fond of a lie-in in the mornings, I am—and the fag coupons, and the extra dinner what was the cause of all the trouble. It was worth it, you wouldn't chuckle—six breakfasts, bags of fags for the next six months, and one smashing extra dinner!

So use your loaf and you'll be all right . . .

Yes, your buttons are clean enough, chum. Going now, are you? Don't let them shake you. It's a piece of cake if you use your loaf.

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Warning to Ramblers

THIS cliff is dangerous. Houses of the borough of Plonkford lie below and it is no joke to the inhabitants for ramblers in high spirits to let them know about it with boulders. Plaster is always being caused to fall and the Ways and Means Committee have had the matter on their minds for some time, but worse still is when pushful young people decide the cliff is in their way and deserves to have whole portions of itself sent on a downward career, as we are a built-up area as it is. We do not mind people slipping accidentally as that cannot be helped, and we have excellent amenities in the way of Tingle's cafe accommodation at the bottom, and the druggist is always open for cuts and grazes. What we do object to is people sitting up here aloof and cat-calling along the valley to see if the echo will answer back, and it means he has to work all hours and sends in a stiff bill for sore throats, when it would be more civil if they came down and treated the borough as though it were more than a madhouse.

The lake a little below is our drinking water and Mr. Tingle who presides over our Water Dept. is worried about its depth being below what it should be and has informed Mr. Tingle of the Ways and Means Committee that he suspects foul play in the sluices. Both are watching the conduit and will put the culprit through it when he is caught tapping. Last week an iron seat belonging to another borough was pushed down this cliff; anything of this kind should be lowered gently as we pay best scrap price if in good condition.

We hope no further warning is needed, but if the worst comes to the worst we can put you on to a much worse cliff overlooking the borough of Bickley.

J. TINGLE,
Highways Overseer.

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Combined Operations

"Don Quixote went out with his horse Rosinante and sank a Panzer."

Schoolboy's dictation.

Transport

"IN the old days," said Lieutenant Sympson, "we didn't do so badly for transport here. Do you remember when there was a bus running to Port Puffle every Tuesday, and another to El Basookah every Sunday?"

We remembered and sighed. In these days it is almost impossible to get anywhere from our camp, which is probably one of the most remote in all Egypt. Recreational Transport is obtainable for O.R.s when the chief clerk has an interval lucid enough to battle with the necessary Army forms, but even the chief clerk draws a line at trying to get even a very small truck for officers. One of the odd features of transport in the Middle East is the enormous size of the trucks provided, so that small parcels have to be removed great distances in huge wagons.

We were all going mad for lack of contact with the outside world when luckily Private Ghoolima Mukasa of our detachment fell on his head playing football.

"Poor old Ghoolima," said Sympson, with false sympathy. "If there are any complications he will have to go to hospital at Port Puffle, and naturally his officer will have to go with him to see that he is treated properly. How is he?" he asked the Orderly anxiously.

"Not too good," said the Orderly.

"He must be carried to the M.I. Room to be examined by the Lord Doctor." Our M.O. has only two pips, but all white men are lords to East Africans. Rather a good idea, in some ways.

The match was held up while the whole team carried the injured man to the M.I. Room. One held a leg, another an arm, another an ear, and so on.

"It reminds one," said Sympson, "of the funeral of Queen Victoria."

The M.O. looked at the recumbent figure and felt the injured part and tried to look as if he understood the case. Actually nobody can diagnose East African ills with certainty, because when an East African is hit on the head he gets a pain in his big toe, and so forth.

"I think," said the M.O., "that we had better send him to 701 General Hospital at Port Puffle."

I rushed to the telephone and told my friend Major Clutterbank that an officer would be required to accompany the ambulance to Port Puffle, and as I had urgent private reasons . . .

Major Clutterbank laughed scornfully.

"Five captains and three subalterns have already applied," he said. "As soon as the East African was injured every seat in the ambulance was booked, and the Colonel himself is

going to drive, on the plea that the clutch is faulty and that he cannot risk the Syrian driver's life."

I felt rather browned off when I saw the ambulance drive away. I had imagined that Sympson would be inside, having first claim as the man's own officer, but when the ambulance had gone I found him in the mess.

"I reckon that the ambulance will get to Port Puffle after the bars close at 2200 hours," he said, "and that all the officers in the ambulance will get nothing for their pains but a very uncomfortable night ride."

"At any rate," I said irritably, "they will at least get out of camp for a few hours, while we remain here."

Sympson smiled.

"Far from it," he said. "I have been on the phone to Area. I pointed out that a Court of Inquiry into Ghoolima's injuries was essential. Area asked me which of his officers were available. I gave him your name and mine. We leave here at 0600 hours and return when the job is finished. Ghoolima will be too ill to be seen to-morrow; on Tuesday the doctor will not be available . . ."

Actually we did not return until Thursday, as there was fortunately no transport on Wednesday. Sympson is now teaching our men to play cricket, and they bowl something so resembling body-line that we have great hopes.



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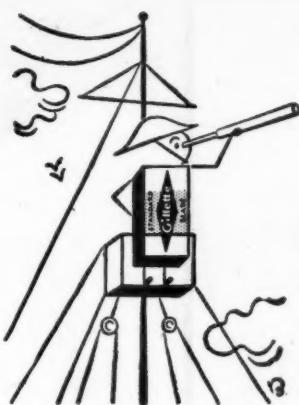
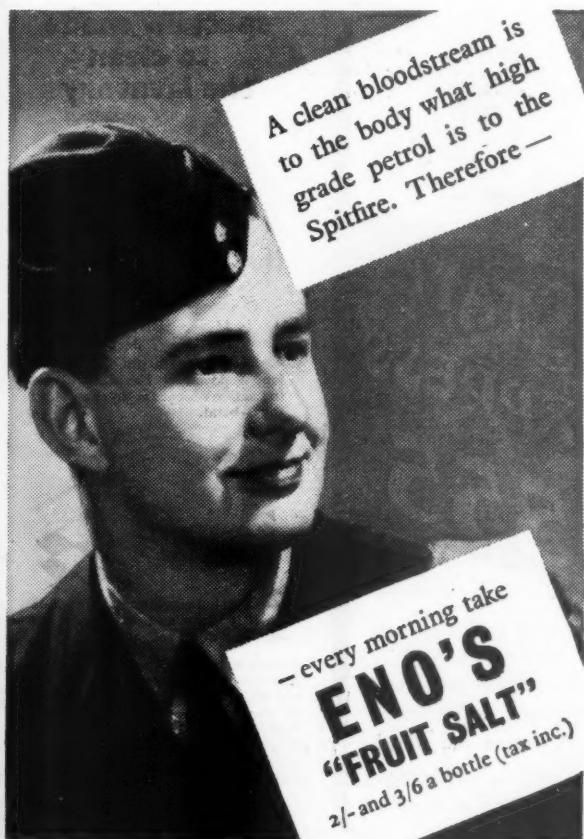
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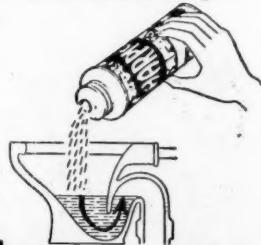
I put out milk bottles in a safe, steady position where they will not easily be knocked over.

I tell my children that they must never break glass in the streets — and I tell them why.

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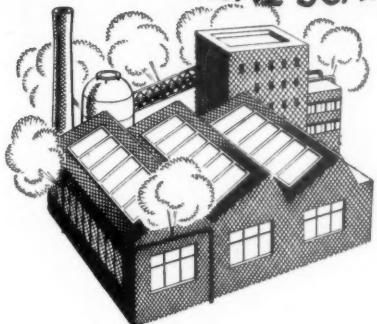


2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary — the part you don't see, as well.

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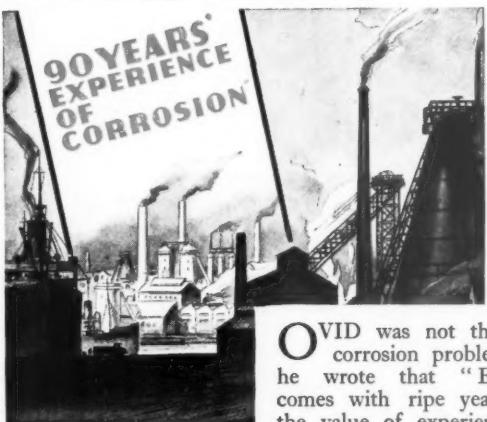
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